

I Have Nothing

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by [sentientstasis](#)

Summary

George, son of a multimillionaire, goes to America to visit his father over summer break. When he arrives, he's suddenly assigned a bodyguard with whom he has to deal with.

Dream ends up being his worst nightmare. Or possibly the greatest gift.

Notes

hi so yeah this somehow happened, i wrote this entire thing in like 3 days but it took me over a week just to edit it lmao

the title is supposed to be from the song "I Have Nothing" by Whitney Houston!

It was originally going to be around 6k but then i just went overboard, enjoy!

Going from somewhere where the land was empty for acres to somewhere where buildings were less than a foot apart was quite a change. It wasn't as if George had never been to a city, but there was a clear difference between ones in England and in America. It wasn't as if he hadn't been to cities in America either, he had flown out there before, but it had been awhile.

His father was the head of a company in New York City since before he was born. He had everything in his life granted to him on a silver platter. Everything except for his father, who had sent him to a boarding school in England when he was around the age of six. Even so, he was still supplied an absurd amount of money. He now went to a prestigious University in the rural parts of England, where his closest friend, Alastair, also went. He and Alastair met when they were much younger, both coming from wealthy families that knew each other.

George grew up in England, not getting to see his father except for *maybe* once every few years. Now, his father was asking him to come and visit him in America. George was hesitant about it, he hadn't seen his father in years, and he didn't know how he felt about being in America. His father insisted upon it, telling him that it was his summer break so he wouldn't miss any classes; also telling him that he wanted to see him.

Eventually, George caved. He got a ticket to New York and packed as much of his stuff and he could. He bid his friend goodbye and got on the flight at eight in the evening.

The flight was about seven and a half hours, so he wouldn't land until ten-thirty at night in that timezone. It was a long and extremely boring flight. He tried to occupy himself with games on his phone or watching a movie he downloaded on his laptop, but he was still left with hours where he just sat and stared out the window.

Finally, after a *long* seven and a half hours, George had landed. He was in a rush to get out of there, grabbing his things and quickly moving throughout the crowd. He bumped into people on the way, simply apologizing, and moving on. The brunet approached the luggage claim area, sending a text to his father that he had landed. He also sent one to Alastair, to let him know he was okay. While he was waiting to get his suitcases, his phone started ringing.

He checked the caller ID and saw it was his father. He picked up and held the phone up to his ears.

“George! How was it? Was everything fine?” His father's voice came through the line.

“Yeah,” he answered simply.

“Great! I just wanted to let you know that I won't be the one picking you up, I'm sorry. Something came up, but I did hire a driver. He's also going to be doubling as your bodyguard if you—”

“Wait, bodyguard?” George cut off his father, eyebrows furrowing in distaste.

“Yes, the city is dangerous, and I wouldn't want you going out alone,” his father explained.

“You do realize I'm twenty-four right? I don't need a babysitter.”

“George, you could be thirty and I'd still assign you one. It's dangerous!”

“But—”

“Ah, ah, no buts. I've made up my mind. He should be there any minute now— Oh, sorry, I've got

to go! He should take you straight home, I will be there later tonight, goodbye ,” his father ended the call before George could get another word in.

The brunet blinked a few times in shock and annoyance. His father *always* did this. A bodyguard? What was he, a child? He scoffed and rolled his eyes, mumbling under his breath about how absurd it was. He caught sight of his suitcases, reaching out, dragging them out, standing them upright next to him. When he grabbed the final one and dragged it out, he noticed a presence was standing beside him.

George jumped back, looking up, and meeting the eyes of the stranger. He caught sight of green eyes, well, they looked more on the yellow side to him since he was colorblind, but he knew they were probably supposed to be green. His gaze shifted, analyzing the rest of the man in front of him. He had even, tanned skin, freckles spotted on his cheeks and across the bridge of his nose. His hair was a dirty blond, styled neatly.

“George, I presume?” He spoke up, breaking the silence.

“What’s it to you?” He asked, scrunching up his nose.

“I’m the one your father hired to come here.”

George was silent for a second, looking him up and down before scoffing, rolling his eyes, and looking away.

A look of what seemed like annoyance crossed the blond’s face.

“Help me with this, would you?” George said, gesturing to his suitcases.

The man stood there, looking like he was thinking for a moment before nodding. He reached out and grabbed the handles out of George’s hands. The brunet grabbed the last one’s handle, following behind the other.

“So, what’s your name?” George asked.

“Clay, but call me Dream,” he answered.

“Noted,” he said in a flat tone, “so Clay, what made my father choose you?”

George didn’t miss the way the blond pursed his lips together, letting out a sigh before answering, “It’s Dream, but I’m guessing my credentials.”

“Which are?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know?”

George frowned, he was a prick. He opened his mouth to answer, but his phone started ringing in his pocket again, so he pulled it out, seeing his friend calling him.

“*Hey! Everything good? You land okay? Did the plane do a barrel roll in the sky? ”* They said as he answered.

“Hello to you too,” George laughed, “Yes, Eret, I landed just fine, and no!” George smiled, using the childhood nickname he had made for the other.

“*Just making sure. So how is it so far? ”* He asked.

“It’s alright— well, actually, there’s one thing that has pissed me off so far,” he responded.

“ *Oh yeah? What?* ”

George didn’t answer for a second, he and his ‘bodyguard’ arrived at the car. The blond grabbed the suitcases and loaded them into the trunk.

He got in the passenger seat and shut the door behind him, “I have a fucking bodyguard,” he complained loudly as if he wasn’t sitting right beside him.

Laughter broke out on the other side of the phone. George rolled his eyes, but couldn’t help but smile at the sound of his friend’s laugh. He waited for Alastair to calm down, hearing the laughter subside.

“ *Aw, that sucks,* ” they said, mocking pity for him. “ *Is he hot at least? I sure wouldn’t mind being around him all the time if he was hot,* ” she joked, breaking out in another small round of chuckles.

George snorted, turning to look at Dream in the driver’s seat.

“Have a look for yourself,” he said, switching to the camera and pointing it at him, snapping a quick picture and sending it to Alastair.

Dream looked his way, giving him a long hard look. George stared back, he wouldn’t admit it but the intensity almost made him cower away, but he didn’t. The blond eventually looked away, back toward the street to focus on driving.

“ *Oh my god, George! He’s so hot! I would not blame you if you hit that.* ”

“He’s alright,” George shrugged, kicking up his feet onto the dashboard, pointedly ignoring the glare Dream sent his way. “It’s just annoying that my father doesn’t trust me! What’s going to happen? I’ll be kidnapped?”

“That’s more likely than you’d think,” Dream suddenly spoke up.

The brunet spared him a glance, shaking his head, “I could handle myself.”

“ *Was that him? Ooh, even his voice is attractive,* ” Alastair commented.

George laughed out loud at that one, “shut up!”

He spent the rest of the ride on the phone with his friend, mostly complaining about the entire situation. He was glad Alastair listened to him, he really was lucky to have met them. They eventually arrived and George let him go, scolding him for being up at nearly four in the morning, but thanking her for staying on the phone with him.

George and Dream got the luggage out of the trunk of the car, walking up to the front door. The house towered over them, it was his father’s estate, but he hadn’t been here in over six years so he forgot just how big the place was.

They were greeted at the door by the butler. He insisted on helping them with the luggage but both Dream and George waved him off.

“So, it seems like you just have it all, huh?” Dream said once they entered, taking in the environment.

George scoffed, laughing lightly and running his hand along one of the walls, “not *everything* .”

It could've been taken as sarcasm, the fact that he actually didn't have *everything* in the world, but Dream stared at him, seeming to analyze the way he said it. George cleared his throat, following up to stop his thinking, "but yeah, I do have close to everything," he grinned.

George walked into the living room, following the stairs up to the second floor. Dream was following close behind him with the rest of his luggage. He entered the room he had stayed in previously, everything looked almost exactly the same, just cleaner. The room was pretty bare, save for the essential furniture.

"You can put my stuff anywhere," George gestured vaguely around the room, flopping down onto his bed.

He missed his room back at his actual home, but he would be lying if he said the bed wasn't extremely comfortable. Maybe he was just tired from the flight. His eyes slowly started closing, sinking into the comfort of the sheets. He could probably fall asleep on the spot, not caring about anything else.

"I recommend you change into something comfortable before falling asleep. I'm sure you'd thank yourself in the morning," Dream said just as he was on the edge of sleep.

George groaned and rubbed his eyes harshly, sitting up in bed. He glanced over at the blond, looking him up and down.

He crossed his arms, it might've been the exhaustion, but he felt boldness creeping up, "what if I said for you to change me?"

Dream merely blinked, "I'm sure a twenty-four year old like yourself can handle that."

The blond walked out of his room, shutting the door gently behind him. George laughed to himself. He still couldn't believe he got assigned a *babysitter*. He was never going to get a chance to be alone and that sent him up a wall. He debated calling his father and complaining again, seeing if he could try to change his mind, but he was too exhausted for that.

He changed into something comfortable and slipped into bed. He could always ask his father about it in the morning. His eyes shut and he drifted off to sleep almost immediately.

—

At exactly ten in the morning, Dream's alarm went off. He grumbled in slight annoyance, sitting up in bed and turning it off. He sat in his bed for a moment longer before getting up.

He couldn't believe he agreed to basically babysit some spoiled kid who was actually older than him. He was surprised when he heard that he was twenty-four. Just by his looks, he would've guessed he was no older than eighteen.

The worst part was his attitude, he was extremely bratty from what he had seen thus far. His expectations were shattered from the very first interaction. In pictures, he seemed sweet and cute, maybe even timid, but the *mouth* he had on him.

Dream sighed, he would be counting down the days until this job was over. At least the pay would be worth it.

He got ready and fixed up for the day, leaving the room not thirty minutes later. He went to the room next to his, knocking softly. There was no response, but he decided to open it anyway. He saw the brunet still in bed, sleeping by what he could tell by the slow rise and fall of his chest. He

was infinitely better while asleep, no pinched expression of annoyance, no way he could be a brat when asleep.

Dream closed the door quietly and went downstairs, hearing conversation in the living room. He entered, seeing his employer sitting on the couch with two others.

“Ah! Clay! Good morning,” he greeted him.

“Dream,” he instinctively corrected him, “good morning, sir,” he added on immediately afterward.

“Right, Dream, sorry.”

His employer turned to the other two, seeming to bid them farewell. They got up and left, George’s father turning back to Dream.

“Is George still asleep?” He asked.

Just as he opened his mouth to respond he heard footsteps coming down the stairs. They both turned and saw George standing at the bottom of the steps. He was wearing an oversized sweater that fell at his mid-thighs, shorts peeking out just beneath the blue material. Dream turned away.

“George! Can’t you wear something more presentable?” His father said.

“If I’m at the house, no. Plus, if Clay is going to be around me all the time he’s probably gonna see worse,” The brunet shrugged, walking over and standing near his father, crossing his arms.

Dream looked at him, staring blankly, “It’s Dream.”

George rolled his eyes, looking toward the male on the couch, “can’t you rethink this whole ‘bodyguard’ thing? I am perfectly capable of taking care of myself. I literally live on my own.”

His father sighed, shaking his head, “I will not rethink it. Where you live is much different compared to the city here. I told you already, it’s dangerous!”

“But I’m not a kid! I’m a fully grown adult.”

“I don’t care how old you are. You’re staying under my roof for the next few weeks so you will have Dream with you.”

George whipped around to glare at Dream, almost seeming to accuse him of this. The brunet sighed and walked away, waving his hand dramatically.

“Fine, fine, whatever.”

The blond was ninety-nine percent sure it wasn’t fine in the slightest, but he didn’t say anything. His employer pinched his nose between his thumb and pointer finger.

“Sorry about that. I gotta leave again, please don’t let him leave alone.”

Dream nodded, turning toward where George stormed off. He walked into the kitchen, seeing the brunet making a sandwich rather aggressively.

“So you don’t have people make your food for you?” Dream asked, leaning against the frame, raising one eyebrow.

George jumped, whipping around to look at Dream. He scowled and turned back around, going

back to making his sandwich.

“You may be surprised but I do know how to cook. I, *again*, live on my own,” he muttered.

“Of course, in some suburban house in England, right?” The blond asked, stepping closer.

“Maybe, your point? Cause you obviously seem to want to make one.”

“My point,” Dream said, placing his hand on the counter beside George and leaning on it, looking down at him, “Is that your cute little house in England is in a very different location than here. Your father has a point about the city being dangerous.”

George took a step back, pursing his lips together, “I’m sure tons of people walk around the city every day and are fine,” he responded, meaning to sound more biting, but his voice died halfway.

“Yeah, but not all of them are obviously spoiled and loaded brats like you,” Dream grinned mockingly, bringing up his other hand and patting George’s head.

Before letting him say anything in response, Dream leaned back, removing his hand from the other's hair and the countertop, walking away.

“Tell me if you want to go somewhere.”

—

It had only been three days since George had landed and he was already tired of being here. He was tired of being in an absurdly large house, tired of not seeing Alastair.

Most of all, he was tired of Dream. The way that cocky grin slid across his face as he belittled him like a child, who did he think he was?

He was constantly around him, having to be driven from place to place by him. Having him hover behind him basically any place he went, he despised it. His father and Dream both seemed to agree that George shouldn’t be going anywhere alone, deeming that it was ‘unsafe.’

He ran his hand through his hair, taking a deep breath.

He’d show them. He was planning on leaving today. Alone.

He got ready, throwing on a quick outfit. He opened his door slowly, looking up and down the hallway. He didn’t see anyone, so he stepped out of the room, walking as quietly as he could. He went downstairs, keeping his footsteps light. He walked out the front door, pulling out his phone to order himself an uber. Just as he was about to confirm the purchase, he felt his phone slide out of his grip.

He turned around, Dream standing there, holding his phone in one hand.

“I don’t think you understand, but I’m your driver as much as your bodyguard, George.”

“Give me back my phone,” The brunet said, holding out his hand.

“No,” Dream responded simply, slipping the phone into his pocket.

George scoffed, furrowing his eyebrows together, “what do you mean, no?”

“I mean no? Does it mean something else in England?”

“It’s my phone.”

“And I’m your bodyguard and driver. You’re supposed to come to me if you want to leave somewhere.”

“Why can’t I just go someplace alone, you can just act like you came with me,” George rolled his eyes.

“I don’t think you have these since you’re some spoiled brat, but I have work ethics,” Dream said slowly, as if mocking him.

“Is that supposed to insult me?”

“Insults are supposed to be disrespectful, I’m just telling the truth.”

“Oh, aren’t you a know-it-all?” George mumbled.

“If you aren’t going to let me take you places then you aren’t going anywhere at all,” The blond stated, reaching forward and grabbing George’s wrist to drag him back inside.

“I’m a grown-ass adult, I don’t think you have the authority to tell me what to do,” he argued, trying to pull his wrist free.

“You’re right, I’m getting paid to follow you around and protect you, an adult. Not babysit some child,” Dream tightened his grip on George’s wrist.

The brunet winced, no longer trying to pull away. The blond easily held him in his grip, tight enough to where if he tried to fight his way out it would absolutely leave bruises on his skin. Dream seemed to notice he wasn’t fighting back anymore, so he tugged him forward, leading him back inside. George chewed on the inside of his cheek, hanging his head. Now he really felt like a child.

When they got inside the house, the grip on his wrist loosened but didn’t let go. The taller male closed and locked the door behind them. He pulled out the phone with his free hand. He used the hand still holding George’s wrist to turn it palm up and he placed the phone in his hand.

“That easy to listen, doll,” He said in a softer voice.

The hand holding his wrist still hadn’t let go, instead, he rubbed his thumb over the skin that he held harshly previously. The gentle action snapped George back into his right mind. His face flushed slightly and he pulled away quickly, gripping his phone tightly.

“W-Whatever, fuck you,” he stumbled, avoiding the blond’s eyes and walking to his room.

When he got inside his room he slammed the door behind him, locking it. He pulled out his phone, dialing his friend’s number.

“Alastair! I hate him!” He yelled into the phone as soon as he heard the other end pick up.

“ *Quiet down! Hate who?* ” They asked.

“My babysitter, *Clay*, ” he groaned, saying his name in a mocking tone.

“ *What’d he do?* ”

“He won’t let me go anywhere alone! He could just pretend he accompanied me places, it’s not

like my father would ever know,” George muttered in annoyance.

He heard chuckles on the other end, “ *five bucks you screw him before you come back.* ”

“Oh my god, shut up!” He laughed, shaking his head, hanging up and laying on the bed.

Dream watched George walk away to his room, fist clenched at his side. He sighed when the male was out of his sight. If one interaction was that exhausting he wondered how the rest of them were going to go. He looked down at his hand, pursing his lips into a thin line.

He did get frustrated out there and may have been just a little too harsh. He immediately felt bad at how rough he was when he saw the brunet wince at the action. Though, it did work in making him listen and follow him back inside.

Dream sighed and walked up the stairs, heading toward his room. It was already around seven in the evening, and he was getting hungry. He stopped at George’s door, seeing it open just slightly. He peeked inside and saw him lying on the bed, holding his phone, and scrolling through what was probably social media. He knocked on the door to get the other's attention.

George sat up, staring at him, “what?”

“Are you hungry?” Dream asked

“Matter of fact, yeah. Cook me something,” he replied, leaning back against his bed frame and going back on his phone.

There it was, his bratty attitude again. A shame, seeing him quiet and obedient was much better in his opinion.

“I’m not cooking anything, I’m ordering.”

“Well then order me something too, genius,” he mumbled.

Dream resisted the urge to walk over and grab his face, asking him to repeat what he said. Instead, he leaned against the door frame, “well I’m not a mind reader, I don’t know what you want, *genius* .”

“I have nothing against any foods and I have no allergies, go wild. I’ll pay you back whatever you get me.”

“Ah right, with daddy’s money, yeah?”

George looked up at him, glaring, “maybe, and what about it?”

Dream merely chuckled and shook his head, “I’ll make sure the food isn’t nasty,” he replied, walking away.

He pulled out his own phone, ordering food for both of them. He waited in his room until it arrived, going downstairs and opening the door, thanking the delivery person and bringing it inside. As he made his way to the kitchen he saw George coming down the stairs, changed into the outfit he usually wore around the house. Dream tore his eyes away.

“So what’s mine?” George asked, opening the bag and looking inside.

He felt the blond grab his wrist and he immediately tensed up, looking at him.

“Wait. Don’t just reach inside,” Dream said firmly.

“I-I just asked a question,” he grumbled back, trying to keep his voice steady.

“Did no one ever teach you manners growing up?”

George scoffed, “I have manners.”

“Well, I am certainly not seeing them.”

The brunet pulled his arm out of Dream’s grip, crossing his arms across his chest. He stepped back and turned his head away. He waited quietly while Dream took out the food and prepared them both plates. He felt annoyed that he was just standing there listening to what the blond said, but he didn’t do anything about it.

Dream grabbed both plates, looking at George and gesturing with his head toward the dining room. The brunet wordlessly turned around and walked to the dining room, sitting down in a chair. Dream placed down one plate in front of him and placed the other at another seat. He left and came back with both their drinks in one hand and their utensils in the other. He placed them down next to their plates.

George felt a hand on top of his head, ruffling his hair.

“See, it’s not so hard to be obedient,” Dream’s lips curled into a mocking smile.

The brunet’s face began to burn under his skin, he scoffed and turned his head away, grabbing his utensil, “I wasn’t being obedient, I just didn’t feel like arguing, I’m too hungry.”

Dream merely chuckled and mumbled a ‘sure.’ They ate in mostly silence, sharing an occasional few words. When George was done, he got up and walked far enough away from Dream.

“You can wash the dirty dishes, have fun,” he called out.

“Fuckin’ brat,” He heard the blond mumble behind him.

—

A week and a half. It had been a week and a half since Dream had been working as a bodyguard for George. He would say that it had been going smoothly, but that would be a lie. He was a brat ninety percent of the time. The other ten percent of the time, Dream managed to somewhat control his attitude. He learned the way he responded to certain words and actions, but the brunet was smarter than he gave him credit for. He knew Dream was learning him and had started avoiding close contact with him and finding ways to continue being bratty.

George was constantly trying to tell Dream to do things for him, getting upset when he was told no. He also had tried sneaking away alone multiple times, but Dream had caught him every time.

Every time, that is, until today.

Dream had called out George’s name, but he didn’t respond. He checked the male’s room, the other rooms in the house he knew he usually was in, and he even busted into the bathrooms, nothing.

He realized pretty quickly that he must've snuck out somehow. He pulled out his phone, calling George. No response. He tried three more times and still got no response. He even texted him multiple times and still nothing. Dream didn't know whether he was more worried or angry.

It was twelve in the morning on a Friday night, where would he be? The blond ran over every possible scenario in his head. He recalled at one point George saying that he couldn't even go to any bars because Dream would be there hovering over him. It wasn't much information, but it would have to do. He pulled up directions to a few of the closest bars in the area and made his way outside. He got into a car and went to the first one.

He visited and searched three bars in thirty minutes and nothing. He pulled up the fourth bar, starting up his car and making his way there. He was speeding just a little bit, but at this point, he didn't care. Dream arrived and got out of his car, slamming the door shut behind him. He walked in, immediately scanning over the area.

Then, his eyes finally landed on a familiar figure. George was in the middle of a crowd of people, laughing and dancing in sync with the others. He was holding a drink in his hand. So Dream assumed he might've already been drunk. He walked over, pushing past people, not caring about the glares they sent his way.

Dream stood right in front of George who blinked up at him. He seemed confused at first, but then he saw recognition flash through his eyes.

"Dreamy is 'ere! Hav'a drink," he slurred, grinning widely and holding out his drink toward him.

The blond glared at him, grabbing his wrist and dragging him away from the crowd. George frowned and opened his mouth to presumably complain, but Dream reached up and harshly grabbed George by his chin, forcing him to look up and directly at him.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" The blond said angrily.

"Drinking 'n hav'ing fun," he responded with a small laugh.

Dream shifted his hands so they were grabbing his cheeks, he pulled him closer, lowering his voice.

"I *said* , what the fuck do you think you're doing."

George blinked slowly, seeming to try and process the words being spoken to him.

"Oh, are ya mad a'me?" He asked innocently.

Dream wanted to laugh, *was he mad at him?*

"Of course I'm fucking mad at you. You left without me when I *specifically* told you multiple times not to."

"I jus' wanted t'have fun."

He sighed, letting go of his grip on George's face. Getting mad at him while he was in this state was useless. He reached down and grabbed his wrist again, leading him out the bar.

"Where r'we goin'?" He asked.

"Back to the house."

George didn't ask anything after that, simply following him out the bar and to the car. Dream helped him into the seat, and went around to the other side, getting in and starting the car, driving back to the house.

When they arrived, he saw George already fast asleep in the passenger seat. He rolled his eyes, getting out and rounding to the other side. He opened the door, bending down slightly and sliding one arm behind his back and the other under his knees. He carefully carried him out, closing the door with his feet.

Dream carried him inside, careful not to wake him up. He struggled just a bit with opening the doors, but he managed to get to George's room. He laid him down on the bed, slipping his arms out from under him.

He finally acknowledged what George was wearing. Fitted jeans with a button-up shirt, a sweater over top the shirt. That was going to be uncomfortable to wake up in.

Dream argued back and forth with himself over whether to change him. On one hand, George definitely deserved to wake up uncomfortable after the stress he put on him for leaving the house alone. On the other hand, maybe George would be more willing to listen to him if he tried playing nicer, plus, a part of him didn't exactly want George being uncomfortable.

He made up his mind, searching through George's drawers. He found a soft pastel blue sweatshirt and a pair of black shorts, both were a comfortable material. He walked back over to the bed, throwing them beside George. He gently tapped the male, trying to see if he could at least get him awake to help him change himself, but he didn't budge.

Dream rolled his eyes, a brat even in sleep. He sat George up himself, pulling the sweater over his head and unbuttoning the shirt. He got to the bottom and took it off him.

It wasn't the first time Dream has seen him topless, but it was the closest he has been to him while he was topless. His skin was much paler when the blond had his hands right next to him to compare. His skin was also impossibly smooth, just perfect and soft, no blemishes as far as he could tell.

Dream stopped himself from staring any more, moving his hands to George's belt. He undid it, pulling the jeans down, lifting George's legs to take them off completely.

The brunet was now only in his boxer briefs, and Dream tried not to stare, but he felt his eyes lingering across his body anyway. His legs were just as pale as the rest of his body. His eyes lingered especially long on his thighs.

How was it that the brattiest person he knew was also the prettiest?

"Professional, Clay," he mumbled to himself, tearing his gaze away and grabbing the clothes he picked out.

He lifted George back into a sitting position, putting the sweatshirt over his head and his arms through their appropriate hole. He grabbed the shorts next, laying him back and lifting his legs, sliding them on easily in one go.

He could tell George felt more comfortable, the male curling in on himself and reaching sleepily for something to grab. Dream threw the blanket over him, pushing a pillow close enough for him to grab.

He walked out of the room, going downstairs, and grabbing a water bottle and three pills. He

placed them on his bedside table and gave him one last look.

“I’m going to tear into you so hard in the morning,” he mumbled, walking back out the room and into his own room.

The first thing that George processed when he came to consciousness was the extreme headache pounding in his skull. He groaned loudly and squeezed his eyes shut, rubbing circles into his temples.

For a minute, he was confused as to why his head hurt so bad, but then he remembered the events of last night.

He snuck out. Successfully.

He sat up quickly, immediately regretting it when nausea washed over him. He stood still, waiting for the nausea to subside before looking around. He caught sight of the water bottle and pills on the bedside table.

Dream.

That’s right, he could vaguely remember Dream’s face in his memories, so he must’ve found him and brought him back. He grabbed the water bottle and pills, opening it up and downing them.

George tried to recall the entirety of last night, but everything past his fourth drink was a blur. He did, however, remember the look on Dream’s face when he found him.

He was angry.

The brunet’s stomach dropped, would he still be upset with him? He didn’t know if he would want him to be or not. George did sort of prove him wrong, he went out into the city, he went to a bar and he was completely fine. He reminded himself that Dream was the one that came and got him, but he pushed the thought aside, he would probably be just as fine if Dream didn’t find him.

He got up from his spot on the bed, brushing his teeth and then making his way downstairs. He didn’t hear any conversation, so he knew his father wasn’t home, but he didn’t know where Dream was, and quite frankly, he wasn’t exactly looking forward to seeing him just that moment.

“You’re looking better.”

George almost jumped out of his skin. He whipped around, Dream sitting at one of the couches. The brunet couldn’t read his expression.

“Uh— yeah…” he responded slowly.

“Great. Sit down,” he said, gesturing to the seat in front of him.

George stood in his spot, not moving. He was stuck between listening to make Dream less mad, but he also did not want to listen to that prick. He took too long to respond, seeing Dream get out of his seat. He stepped back instinctively, watching as the blond walked closer.

“So not only do you not listen when I tell you not to leave the house without me, but you also can’t listen when I tell you to sit down?”

He swallowed the lump in his throat, “I don’t recall you being an authority figure.”

George was stepping back, trying to put distance between him and Dream, but the blond just continued walking closer. That was no good.

"I'm not the only one who doesn't want you leaving alone, your father doesn't want it either," he responded.

His voice stayed the same tone, the same level, George couldn't figure out just how upset he was.

"Well I'm twenty-four, I don't think I have to listen to everything my father says, *Clay*," he mumbled, putting emphasis on the blond's name.

George saw the flash of anger across Dream's face and he almost regretted it immediately. Before he could react, the other reached forward and grabbed his face. He continued walking forward, making George step back until he hit a wall.

Now, he had nowhere to go. Dream standing right in front of him, grabbing his face, and looking down at him.

"How many times do I have to tell you, It's Dream?"

"I-It's just a name, you're getting so bent out of shape over—" George scoffed, but the rest of his sentence died in his mouth when Dream tightened his grip.

The brunet felt the blond place one leg in between his and he immediately wanted to get out of there. He understood that Dream was mad at him, but the way his body encased him against the wall. The way he barely had to put in an effort to hold him. The way his voice lowered when addressing him. He wouldn't admit it out loud, but it was hot.

It was the most inappropriate time to be thinking about something like this, but he couldn't help it.

"I think you need to learn a lesson or two on manners and respecting people, don't you think?" Dream hummed in question, raising his eyebrows.

Dream seemed to lean closer over him and George felt his face and body getting hot, he needed to get out of there. He nodded, deciding that maybe if he went along with it he would get let go faster.

"Use your words, Georgie."

The brunet wanted to bite back at him, but he pushed the urge aside, "Y-Yes."

"Yes, who?"

"Yes, Dream."

The blond smiled, letting go of his face, and stepped back once, "not so hard, right?"

George felt warm and embarrassed. He turned his head away, "whatever."

"Great, now go upstairs and wait, I'll make you something to eat."

The brunet nodded, turning quickly and walking to his room. He closed the door behind him and locked it.

"Fucking asshole," he mumbled, sliding down the door, chills breaking out beneath his skin.

George was extremely pissed at Dream, but more so at himself. He was glad that the sweatshirt he

was wearing fell low enough to cover his crotch because he was definitely starting to get a little turned on.

He suddenly realized, when *did* he change into these clothes? He remembered falling asleep in the car before even getting back.

“Fuck, did...?” he mumbled, trailing off.

Did Dream change him? His skin burned at the thought of his hands traveling across his body. His dick twitched in interest.

He thought about his hands trailing up his sides, taking the sweater up with him. He thought about Dream caging him against anything, the wall, a desk, the bed. He thought about him leaning close and whispering into his ears.

George threw all his shame aside, sliding one hand down to the front of his shorts. He palmed himself through the material, a soft moan slipping through his lips. He buried his face into the palm of his other hand, fingers trembling.

He tried to think about the way Dream would treat him.

His first thought was rough. He’d stimulate him ruthlessly, making him choke and sob underneath him, begging for a release. His second thought was gentler. He did vaguely remember being carried back inside, so would Dream treat him in that way? Would he leave kisses all over his body? Would his hands travel all over him?

George shifted, taking his hand off himself to slide his shorts down, taking his boxer briefs as well. His cock was warm and flushed at the tip. He bit into the sleeve of his sweatshirt as he wrapped his hand around the base. He moaned, moving his hand up and down, he kept his pace slow, trying to imagine Dream’s hands instead.

His hands would be bigger, wrapping around his entire length easily. He would use his other hand to hold his waist down, keeping him from bucking his hips into his fist.

“Fuck..” he breathed shakily, another moan escaping his mouth.

He threw his head back against the door. He sped up his hand, using his thumb to tease the tip, spreading around his precum gathering at the tip.

George thought about the things Dream would whisper to him. Telling him that *he needed to be taught a lesson* . Telling him that *he was a brat that needed to learn some manners* .

He choked back a whine, feeling his orgasm coming closer. He bucked his hips into his fist, moaning a bit louder, as he felt his climax approaching, he managed to tear his hands from his cock, leaving him right at the edge, unstimulated. He whimpered into his sleeve, legs trembling. Dream would tell him to ask nicely for a release.

“Fuck.. please Clay..” he muttered to himself, hips moving to find some sort of stimulation.

The blond would praise him for knowing how to use his words, returning his hand to his throbbing cock. George placed his hand back on himself, moaning sharply. He moved his hand at a fast pace, not building up slowly. He choked back loud moans, trying to muffle them into his sleeve. His breathing became uneven as he approached his orgasm again.

Instead of stopping, this time he jerked himself off through the pleasure, crying out Dream’s name

as he came into his fist. His hips bucked into his hand, riding out the last of the high. He teased the tip of his cock until it became over stimulating. He whined at the feeling and removed his hand.

George was breathing hard, catching his breath. He tried to stand up, wincing slightly at the feeling of his sweatshirt rubbing against his sensitive dick. He stood up, walking over to the bathroom slowly, taking off his top.

He felt embarrassment and shame burn under his skin, but he also didn't regret anything. He really needed to get laid.

Dream was not expecting that.

He had come upstairs to ask George a question about the food, but before he could knock, he heard a moan filter through the door. He stiffened at the sound, immediately recognizing what George was doing on the other side.

He turned around, ready to walk away and let him finish what he was doing, but then he heard his name. His name? He stepped back, leaning close to the door. He heard the desperate whines and moans of the brunet.

He definitely said Dream's name.

He knew it was probably not right for him to stay and listen, but he couldn't tear himself away. It sounded like he was trying to muffle his moans into something, but it wasn't working that well. The noises he made had warmth pooling in interest in Dream's pelvic region, but he pushed the interest down.

Dream heard his moans become more unfiltered and louder, he was probably getting close. He was right, he heard a rather loud cry out of *his name* again and the noises subsided. He quickly moved from the door, going back downstairs.

The blond tried to focus back on finishing the food, but he couldn't think about anything other than George. Imagining the way he probably looked behind that door. Flushed. Wrecked. *Calling out his name*. Was he really thinking of Dream while jerking off? He found himself humming in interest, that would be something he would have to remember.

A few minutes passed and he heard footsteps coming down, George coming into sight. They locked eyes, the brunet immediately averting his gaze to the floor, avoiding his eyes and sitting on a barstool at the island counter.

Dream didn't bring anything up, but he wouldn't be forgetting that.

Strangely, after that incident, George seemed to tone down on his attitude, avoiding Dream less. They held longer conversations, George being less demanding and bratty. It was never completely gone, but compared to before, it was so much less.

Dream was actually able to learn things about George. He was studying computer science at a university in England. His closest friend was named Alastair and they seemed to know each other since they were children.

He also learned that George was sent to England since he was a kid, it explained the accent. He always thought the accent made him sound extra spoiled. The fact that George was sent off to another continent as a kid was sad to Dream, though. He didn't understand how a parent could just

send their child that far.

Dream could tell George was uncomfortable talking about that topic, so they didn't linger, moving on to the next topic. He never forgot that either, though. It may have been subconscious, but from that moment on Dream promised himself to protect George, more genuinely than just a hired bodyguard.

Well, he thought bodyguard, until he got a very sudden text from George's father that they had to talk. So, the following morning, early enough to where George was still heavy in sleep, he went downstairs to greet his father.

"Hello, sir?" Dream said hesitantly.

"Dream! Nice morning, right?" His employer grinned, but the blond could tell it didn't reach his eyes.

"Yeah... what was it that you needed to talk to me about?" He asked.

"Right! So, Dream, I'm sure you know that we have cameras set up around the perimeter of this estate, yeah?"

Dream swallowed hard, "uhm, yeah?"

"Well, I just thought that it was interesting that I saw George leaving. Alone. Without you. Would you care to explain what was happening?"

The blond felt his stomach drop, "I'm sorry, sir, I took my eyes off him for a second and he was gone, I did bring him back—"

"I told you to stay with him all the time. What if something had happened to him? What if you couldn't find him?" He went on, voice becoming stern.

"I assure you that it won't happen again."

"Yeah, it won't. Dream, this is Nick, he's going to be George's bodyguard starting now."

The blond pursed his lips together and nodded.

—

"What do you mean 'this is Nick?' Where's Clay?" George furrowed his eyebrows together, looking back and forth between his father and the new male standing beside him.

"I fired him because he didn't stay by your side, I saw you leaving the estate without him," his father explained.

"That— But that wasn't his fault! I'm the one that left without telling him."

"I told him to stay by you all the time, it's no excuse," he replied.

"But—"

"But nothing. Nick, please stay by George's side, I have to take my leave now," he cut him off, standing up and nodded at the new male, walking out the front door.

George despised it when his father did things like this. Dropped in and told him what to do before

taking off without hearing his opinion about anything. He loud out a loud groan of annoyance, turning to Nick and glaring at him harshly.

“Why does it matter who watches over you, kid,” Nick snorted.

“Don’t ‘kid’ me, I’m twenty-four,” he mumbled.

“Twenty-four?! Oh my god, I thought you were like sixteen.”

“Yeah, thanks,” George rolled his eyes, turning to walk upstairs.

Nick followed behind him, hands folded behind his back.

“Don’t follow me.”

“That’s my whole job.”

“I don’t care.”

“Man, if I were the previous guy I’d be happy to lose this job with your attitude,” he muttered.

George stopped in his place, “was he?”

“Was he what?” Nick asked, raising one eyebrow.

“Was he happy? To lose the job, I mean.”

“Strangely enough, he didn’t seem too happy,” he hummed, tapping his chin.

“Hm...” George hummed, thoughts bouncing around in his head.

The brunet managed to put up with Nick for a day. A full twenty-four hours until he wanted to start ripping his hair out. It wasn’t as if Nick was a bad person or bodyguard, if anything he was actually quite funny. Maybe if George wasn’t so hung up on the previous bodyguard he would’ve gotten along well with him.

But he was. Hung up, that is, even if he didn’t admit it. He didn’t *miss* Dream, he just thought that he fit better as his bodyguard, that’s all. His father didn’t listen to common sense, or reasoning, so George was going to have to prove how much he wanted Dream back.

“Nick,” the brunet called out, laying across the couch lazily.

“Yes?” He replied, poking his head into the room and raising an eyebrow.

George thought for a moment, standing up from his spot on the couch, “I’m going to take a shower, get a car ready, we’re leaving afterward.”

Nick stared at him for a moment before nodding. He turned on his heel, making his way across the living room. George waited until he heard the front door and then sprinted upstairs to his room. He opened his closet, pulling out an outfit and changing into it. He went into the bathroom and turned on the shower. He then walked over to his window, sliding it open. He grabbed his phone off his bed and slipped out the window.

He was going to find Dream.

He carefully hopped down onto the lower roof of the house, walking to the edge. George looked

down, it was a fall, but he'd have to take it. As carefully as he could, he grabbed the edge and jumped down, landing on his feet, but wobbling for a second. He steadied himself and let out a sigh of relief.

He took off toward the entrance gate of the house, hiding carefully in a way where anyone in the garage would not be able to see him. When he got outside the estate, he pulled out his phone, calling Dream and praying that he would pick up. It rang three times and George worried that he wouldn't answer until he heard someone on the other end.

"*Yes?*" The voice was even.

"Clay?" George asked.

He heard a sigh, "*It's Dream, but yes?*"

The brunet let out a breath he didn't know he was holding.

"Where are you? I'm coming now," he said.

"*Coming now? What? Why? What about that Nick guy?*"

"I ditched him, now give me your address or something," George rolled his eyes even though he couldn't see him.

The other end was quiet, and then he heard Dream burst out into laughter. It was a moment that George was never going to forget. His laughter was thick and sweet, the brunet almost forgot what words were.

"*Fine, I sent my location.*"

George smiled, "I'm on my way."

He hung up and input the address into the uber destination, ordering one for himself. He mumbled under his breath as he waited for it to arrive, hoping that it would come faster before Nick noticed that he was gone. When it finally arrived and he got in, he waited to get to Dream's place.

Less than half an hour later, he arrived at the supposed destination. He stepped out of the Uber, thanking the driver and closing the door behind him. He approached the apartment number of the one that Dream had sent him. He hesitantly knocked on the door, and a minute later, the door swung open.

Dream standing there looking down at him. He was in the most casual clothes George had seen him in yet. He was wearing gray sweatpants with a logo he didn't recognize on them, paired with a white t-shirt.

They were the most horrifically put together clothes ever, it was almost offending, but somehow Dream still pulled them off.

"So, wanna let me know *why* you're here?" The blond asked, gesturing for George to come inside.

"Just running away until you're rehired," he said nonchalantly, plopping himself down on Dream's couch and kicking up his feet onto his coffee table.

"First of all, *watch your manners* . Secondly, why?" He said, pushing George's feet off the table.

The male rolled his eyes and crossed his arms over his chest, "Nick is okay and all, but he's not as

fun to bully and boss around as you are.”

Dream walked over to where George sat, leaning down and placing his palms on either side of George’s head on the back of the couch. He leaned close and grinned, “Sure it isn’t because you’ll miss me?”

The brunet felt his face flush under his intense gaze. He looked away and scoffed, avoiding looking into his eyes.

“No. If I’m going to be stuck with someone it might as well be someone I can boss around easily,” he muttered.

“Ah, so you think you boss me around?” He hummed, putting his right knee on the couch between George’s legs and lowering his face.

George pursed his lips into a thin line, bringing up his hand and pushing Dream away by his chest. He looked back at him and narrowed his eyes, “I think I do.”

Dream erupted into laughter, pulling away from George and standing back upright, “you never cease to amaze me with how bratty you are. But fine, you can stay until you give up your temper tantrum.”

“It’s not a temper tantrum! And it will work!” He huffed.

The two of them fell into an easy conversation afterward, joking around and ordering something to eat. They finished up the food quickly, Dream getting up and grabbing their plates. George’s phone then started vibrating for the hundredth time that night.

“Aren’t you going to pick up? They keep calling,” the blond asked.

“No, it’s just Nick and my father trying to look for me,” he mumbled.

“Your father is probably going crazy with worry, you should at least let him know you’re okay.”

George pursed his lips together. Even if he didn’t want to admit it, he was right. He wouldn’t put it past his father to hire an entire search party for him. He reached for his phone and flipped it over, finally picking up his father’s calls.

“Yes?”

“ *George! Oh my god, you’re okay? Where are you? What happened? Why haven’t you picked up mine or Nick’s phone calls?* ” His father’s voice picked up on the other side.

“I’m fine, I’m somewhere safe,” he replied.

“ *Where? I’ll let Nick know—* ”

“No. I’m not leaving with Nick.”

“ *Why not? George, please, I don’t have time for this, so just come back,* ” his father sighed.

“I said no. I’m not returning until you rehire Clay,” he said flatly.

“ *Dream did not perform his job correctly.* ”

“He did actually, I was the one that left without him and he went and found me,” George rolled his

eyes.

“ *Georgie—* ”

“ *Don’t* call me that.”

“ *George, just come bac —*”

The brunet pulled the phone away from his ear and hung up. He tossed his phone onto the couch, rolling his eyes. He wasn’t putting up with this. He wouldn’t cave in as easily as he has before, not this time.

“What’d he say?” Dream asked when he entered the room again.

“Bullshit,” George mumbled.

The blond walked over to where George was still seated at the table, sliding into the seat next to him.

“I think you should just go back,” He said.

“I said I wasn’t until you get rehired.”

“I don’t think it’s really that big of a deal, a bodyguard is a bodyguard.”

“I said I wasn’t leaving until you’re rehired. I’m not changing my mind,” George said, standing up from the chair.

“You’re genuinely one of the most stubborn brats I’ve ever met, but *fine* . It doesn’t seem like your father is going to give in today, so are you staying?” Dream replied, standing up as well.

“I was going to just stay at a nearby hotel, there’s one not too far,” he said with a shrug.

Dream didn’t reply for a long minute, just watching George closely.

“You can stay, I’ll sleep on the couch,” he finally said.

The brunet was going to argue but the blond seemed to have seen it coming when he shook his head firmly, walking away. George watched him walk into a different room and come back out with clothing in his hands.

“I’m guessing you didn’t bring anything with you so sleep in this.”

He reached out and grabbed the clothes, thanking him in a small voice and walking into the bathroom. He unfolded them, eyes widening at the size. He quickly pulled off his top and slipped into the other. He usually liked wearing oversized clothes, but for Dream’s clothes to be *this* big on him. He slid off his pants, the sweatshirt dropped past his mid thighs covering his boxer briefs. He debated putting on the shorts as well, but if he was honest, they’d just be covered by the sweatshirt anyway. He walked out the bathroom with his clothes folded over one arm and the shorts over the other.

He ran into Dream as he was coming out his room, the blond looking at him up and down.

“Like what you see?” George laughed, moving to walk past him.

He didn’t respond as the brunet walked into the room and shut the door behind him. He stared

down at the bed— *Dream's* bed. HE felt a strange feeling tugging at the edge of his mind, but he brushed it aside, walking toward the bed and sitting down. He laid down slowly, sinking into the unfamiliar feeling and smell. It smelled like Dream. His eyes fluttered shut, it wasn't like he had Dream's smell memorized, he told himself that before he fell asleep.

The following morning, George felt a hand gently shaking him awake. He grumbled multiple complaints under his breath. He opened one eye slowly, Dream's face leaning over him.

"George, get up."

"What time is it?"

"Ten in the morning."

"No."

Dream grabbed the blanket and pulled it off the male, staring down at him, "that wasn't a request."

The brunet mumbled curses under his breath, glaring up at Dream, but he slid out of bed anyway, rubbing his eyes. He got up, using the spare toothbrush and changing back into the clothes he arrived in yesterday.

"Are you really going to stay here until your father changes his mind?" The blond asked.

"Yeah."

He sighed, shaking his head slowly. They fell into another conversation, it turned into somewhat of a twenty questions, taking turns asking the other something random.

George learned Dream's favorite color was lime green and he fake gagged in response. He also *finally* learned his age, his eyes almost popped out his skull when he learned he was three entire years younger than him. The game continued, they occasionally broke out into laughter over some questions. Then, there was a knock at the door. George gave Dream a curious look, but the blond simply shrugged. He got up and went to answer the door, opening it. Standing there was Nick, eyebrows pinched in annoyance.

"Did you seriously run away to go be star crossed lovers with your old bodyguard?! I was looking for you for ages!" Nick said, stepping inside and toward George.

"No offensive, I'm sure you're a great bodyguard, but not mine," The brunet shrugged.

A look of disbelief crossed his face, he turned to Dream and blinked, "is he always like this?"

"Yeah."

Nick stared at Dream and then turned to George. He looked back and forth between them a few times before sighing and pinching his nose between his pointer finger and thumb.

"Your father wants me to take you back with me."

"I told him multiple times I wasn't going back until he rehired Clay."

"God, that's not *my* problem, shorty," Nick rolled his eyes, stepping forward and reaching out to grab George's arm.

Dream stood in between the two of them, glaring down at Nick, "he said he's staying."

The black-haired male stared plainly at him, dragging one hand down his face, “alright, call your father again, I’ll speak to him if he needs more convincing.”

George nodded, slipping his phone out his pocket and dialing his father’s number. He walked out the room, leaving Nick and Dream staring at each other with what seemed like a *little* bit of hostility.

“ *George! Did Nick find you? Where are you?* ” His father picked up.

“He did, I’m at Clay’s, but I’m not coming back until you rehire him.”

“ *George, just come back to the house and we can talk about thi—* ”

“No! You aren’t going to do this again! If you’re going to force me to have a bodyguard then at the very least let me choose who it is. If not I will fly back to England right now,” he said firmly.

“ *Is this really what it’s going to take to bring you back?* ”

“Yes. My mind isn’t changing.”

He heard his father sigh on the other end, he was silent for a little too long, making the brunet start shifting on his feet with nervousness until, “ *fine then, I’ll rehire him, just come back.* ”

George smiled and thanked his father, hanging up the phone. He walked back into the living room, Dream and Nick seeming to suddenly get along.

“He said he’s rehiring you,” he grinned, turning to Nick after, “sorry?”

The male laughed and leaned his weight onto one foot, “it’s fine, Dream is probably better suited to be your babysitter anyway. Good luck with *him* ,” He said, patting Dream on the back during the last sentence and raising both his eyebrows.

Nick bid them both farewell, letting himself out. George waited in the living room while Dream left to change into his clothes. When he came out they both went outside and to his car, making their way back to the estate.

When they got there and entered, George’s father was sitting on the couch. He brightened up when he saw his son.

“See, I’m okay, Clay is the bodyguard I want, everything is fine,” he stated, making sure he left no space for his father to argue over it again.

The man sighed and nodded, “I suppose. You’re rehired, Dream, please take care of my son.”

Dream nodded, “I wouldn’t think of doing anything less.”

“And stop checking the cameras, trust us a little,” George added, grimacing.

—

Two things Dream *never* forgot were one, protecting George with everything, and two, the incident where George jacked off thinking about him.

He accepted the fact that he cared about George past just the job, especially when the male fought for him to stay his bodyguard. Coupled with the sounds he could never get out of his head no matter how hard he tried not to think about it, it was a problem.

He blamed the fact that he constantly remembered that scene in his head for what happened today. It had been two and a half weeks since he was originally hired and he had lost George again. Exactly one week after last time.

He thought things were getting better between the two since George fought to get him back as a bodyguard. For the entire week, George had always come to Dream when he wanted to go out somewhere. He complained less, but still had an attitude on him. Dream had let his guard down and now the brunet was nowhere to be found *again*.

He called George five times, nothing. He sent ten messages, nothing. He searched five bars, nothing.

He had been missing for well over an hour and a half and he could not find him. His anger was growing just as much as his worry. Where could he have gone? He didn't know of any other places he could be.

The time on Dream's phone was mocking him by now. Showing the bright text of 'two am.' He leaned forward, leaning his forehead on the steering wheel of his car. Dream was just about ready to call someone else to find George. His father or find out Alastair's number. Just as he pulled out his phone to call George's father, it started ringing. The caller ID 'Georgie' on screen.

His eyes widened and he picked up, ready to scold the brunet for leaving again and not picking up any of his previous calls or answering him or taking him with him, but then he heard his voice, his *soft voice*.

"*Clay?*" George's voice came through the line. He was quiet for a moment before, "*Dream?*"

Immediately, Dream recognized something must've been extremely wrong. He never called him Dream on his own, and he certainly never sounded so broken, *tired*, before.

"George?" He answered, "Where are you?"

"*I don't... I don't know..*" he mumbled, and the blond realized he was probably crying based on the few sniffles he heard on the other end. "*I don't know this area of the city well enough.. I'll send my current location, can you... can you come get me?*"

Dream swallowed thickly, unable to find any of the previous anger he held, "yeah, yeah of course. Stay there, I'm coming."

George thanked him in a small voice before hanging up. Dream started his car, putting in the location George had sent him and he was on his way. He was speeding through the streets, enough to get to George faster, but not enough to get himself a ticket. Not that it mattered much to him at that moment.

He turned a sharp corner, eyes darting around his environment until it landed on a lone figure leaning on the side of a building. He pulled his car close to the parked cars, putting his hazards on and getting out. He walked swiftly to where George was standing. The brunet looked up, catching sight of him.

The first thing Dream noticed was the way he was hugging himself and trembling. The blond dropped every thought out of his mind and reached out, pulling George by the collar of his shirt and held him close to him, wrapping his arms around him, one hand cupping the back of his neck.

George was okay.

Dream then remembered that they aren't exactly on hugging terms, so he started to pull away, but George brought his hands up, clutching the front of Dream's jacket and tugging him back. The blond felt him let out a long exhale, melting against him. Dream pursed his lips together, holding him tighter.

"Are you okay?" He asked quietly.

He felt him nod against his chest. Dream sighed in relief, moving the hand on his neck up and through his hair. George shivered under his touch, clenching his jacket tighter.

As much as he wanted to stay there, he needed to get George back to the house. He moved his hand back down to his neck, pulling him back. The brunet kept his grip on the front of his jacket, looking up at Dream.

"Let's get back to the house, okay?"

"Okay," George responded, his voice unsteady.

They walked back to the car, Dream helping him into the passenger seat. He rounded on the other side and entered the driver's seat, starting up the car and making his way back to the house.

Dream looked at George, he was staring out the window blankly. He wanted to ask what happened, but he didn't want to press the subject if he didn't want to talk about it. He did, however, notice a prominent hickey on the side of his throat. He could probably guess what happened. He felt guilt nipping at the edges of his mind, he wasn't there to protect him from what happened.

They got back and exited the car, walking to the front door. Dream followed behind George to his room, worry creeping in. He was extremely quiet, still shaking. He dropped onto the bed, laying down without another word.

"You sure you don't want to change out of your clothes?" Dream asked, sitting on the edge of his bed.

George shook his head. The blond nodded and murmured an 'okay,' before getting up to leave. He barely stepped forward when he felt a hand grab his wrist. He looked down to see George blinking quick, blinking away tears.

"Can you stay?"

Dream's eyes widened, and he nodded slowly, "yeah, of course."

He sat back down, but he felt George continue to tug at his wrist. He furrowed his eyebrows together in question. The pleading and flushed look on George's face told him what he needed to know.

"You sure?" He asked.

He nodded wordlessly again. Dream nodded once in return and peeled his hand off his wrist, "I'll be right back, promise."

He got up and went downstairs, grabbing a water bottle and pills. He went to his room first, taking off his shoes, blazer, tie, and harness. He left the rest on, too lazy to change fully and he didn't want to keep George waiting too long.

He entered the room again, shutting the door behind him. He placed the bottle and pills on the

bedside table. Dream looked over George, he wouldn't say it, but he felt a little bit of embarrassment bubble in his gut. The brunet seemed to be on the edge of sleep already, but he recognized Dream standing there, he pat the bed before letting his eyes slip shut.

He went around the bed to be behind George and placed his knee on the mattress, the material sinking under his weight. He slid behind George, grabbing the blanket and pulling it over both of them. He kept a small space between them, not wanting to make him too uncomfortable.

Dream originally thought he wouldn't be able to fall asleep quickly, but exhaustion from earlier took reign. The stress of worrying and searching for George was finally completely gone and he was left tired. He closed his eyes and was out much quicker than anticipated.

—

George's eyes opened slowly, exhaustion still lingering in his bones. He groaned and tried shifting over, but he felt prevented from doing so. He blinked a few times, last night crashing back into his memories. His face flushed and he looked down, seeing an arm wrapped around his waist, holding him tightly.

He tilted his head back, seeing Dream's sleeping face above him. His back was flush against Dream's chest, the blond's leg wedged between his. He felt his body heat and tense up, chills traveling down his spine. He regretted moving around too much when he felt the arm around his waist pull him closer, Dream shifting around.

"Are you alright?" The blond muttered.

George nodded. He refused to speak, afraid of what might come out instead of an answer to his question.

"Sorry, you were having a nightmare last night and I didn't know how else to help you calm down," Dream said, loosening his grip on his waist.

"It's—" George's voice cracked and he cleared his throat, "it's fine."

Dream hummed, his grip was no longer holding him down, but he didn't completely remove his hands. George wanted to push him away, walk out of the room and far away from here. He felt too close, it made him angry, but it also made him feel comforted. He wanted to stay there forever, sinking into the warm feeling of Dream's frame against his. He was fighting with himself.

"Do you want to tell me what happened last night?" He asked quietly.

George shook his head and Dream just answered a simple 'okay.' Last night just proved exactly what his father and Dream had been telling him this entire time. He shuddered at the memory, wanting to bury it deep in the confines of his mind. He wouldn't think about it anymore.

The blond then moved, sliding off of George, the brunet missed his warmth already.

"I'm going to make something, you have to eat before taking those pills," he said, gesturing to the pills he left on the bedside table the night before.

George just nodded, watching him leave the room. He curled into himself, clenching the blanket between his fingers. His face was burning, his heart was pounding. He needed to keep Dream further from him. Immediately.

—

Dream didn't understand what happened. George was acting strange. It was a few days after the day he went to pick him up and three weeks since he was originally hired. Just before that incident, Dream thought he and George were finally on good terms, and then that night he called for him to pick him up and stay with him overnight. After that, his demeanor changed.

George was quiet more often, not talking to Dream nearly as much as he was before. He was also back to avoiding him. The strangest part, though, was that George never went anywhere without Dream. He was ignoring and avoiding him every day, but the second he wanted to go somewhere he quietly told Dream and they were on their way.

Another thing Dream noticed was that every time he reached out to touch George, he flinched. Whether it was casual or not, he flinched every time.

It was sending Dream up a wall and he didn't know why. He figured it had to do with that day, but George never shared what happened.

Dream was sitting on the couch in the living room, foot tapping on the floor at a steady pace. He didn't know what to do. He was staring at the wall, going over things he could do to return them to the way they were before, when he was suddenly snapped out of his thoughts by George approaching him.

"What's up?" He said, pushing back his previous thoughts.

"Get ready, we're going to the bar," He said simply, leaving back upstairs.

Dream blinked at him blankly, watching him go upstairs. He sighed and dragged his hands down his face, getting up from his spot on the couch. He waited until George returned downstairs, leaving to the car and making their way to the bar of George's choosing.

When they got there and got inside George turned to Dream, "Just let me be for tonight. I promise I will not leave without you."

While the blond *really* didn't want to leave his side, he nodded. He could easily keep track of him from the corner of the room. The brunet smiled and walked off, going to the bar and ordering himself a drink. Dream sighed and went to the corner, watching the male as he moved through the crowd. He felt a little bit awkward just standing in the corner and watching George, but he couldn't bring himself to do anything else.

A few times some females came up to him, asking if they could 'show him a good time,' but he turned them down each time. One particular time he had to pry the woman's arms off him, apologizing and telling her he wasn't interested multiple times. When he looked back up, he couldn't see George.

His stress levels immediately spiked as his eyes frantically scanned over the environment, trying to catch sight of him. When he did find him, it was with another person's arms wrapped around his body. Their lips pressed together in a fierce make-out session. Dream felt his insides boil, he didn't like the sight of that at *all*. He walked over, pushing past everyone on his way. When he stood beside them he immediately ripped the stranger's hands off of George, pulling the brunet close to him.

"Hey, what the hell man?" The person grumbled, glaring his way.

Dream's face was stone cold, he glared back, "don't touch him ever again."

"Clay, what the fuck?" George scoffed.

The male didn't respond, simply grabbing his wrist and dragging him out of the bar. The brunet tried to fight back, but his grip was too tight.

"Clay, what the hell was that?" He said, following the blond without much of a choice.

Dream didn't respond, walking them out to the car and opening the passenger seat. George was going to refuse to get in but Dream glared at him icily. He swallowed hard and got into the car, the blond slamming it shut after him. Dream rounded on the other side and got in, driving off.

"Clay, answer me! What was that? What the fuck?"

Dream ignored him, pressing on the gas harder. The speedometer slowly went too far over the speed limit.

"Slow down! We're going to get pulled over," George frowned.

Even though he was frustrated out of his mind, he listened and slowed down. He couldn't even justify what he did to George. The image of seeing someone else's hands running up and down his body, kissing at his lips roughly. He gripped the steering wheel harder, biting back the urge to start speeding again. George seemed to give up on trying to get an answer out of him, just sitting there quietly.

When they got back to the house Dream got out of his seat, slamming the door shut behind him. He walked to the front door, waiting for George at the entrance. As soon as the brunet entered and closed the door behind him Dream grabbed his arm and tugged him, pushing him back against the wall. He placed his hand on the wall on either side of him.

"You want to tell *me* what that was?" Dream asked.

"What? I can't kiss people now? You're my bodyguard, not some school dean," George scoffed.

The blond pursed his lips together, George was right, he had no right to drag him away in the middle of that. He wasn't in any danger, but he just had to.

"I'm not going to allow those strangers to put their hands all over you," He growled.

"Why does it matter?"

"*Because*."

George stared at him, seeming to wait for more of an answer. He furrowed his eyebrows together, placing his hands on the blond's chest, trying to push him away.

"I'm going back, whether you drive me there or not."

That was the last straw. Dream roughly grabbed George's cheeks, he pulled him forward and smashed their lips together. The brunet immediately whimpered into his mouth, his hands no longer pushing him away, but grabbing his jacket and pulling him closer. Dream nipped at his lips, the kiss becoming messier, more desperate. They parted after a minute, breathing heavily.

"Why didn't you do that sooner?" George whispered.

"Shut up," He replied, pressing their lips back together.

The brunet wasted no time kissing him back, throwing his arms around his neck and pulling him further down. Dream lowered his hands to George's thighs, tugging at them. The shorter male

lifted one and the blond led him to wrap it around his waist, tugging at the other one afterward.

They separated for another moment while George hopped up so Dream could lead his other leg around his waist. He held onto him firmly, turning around and walking toward the stairs.

George buried his face into his neck, holding onto him tightly. The only reason he was trying to get laid so the bar was to get the edge off himself from being around Dream, and now he was *kissing* Dream, in his arms. It was so surreal he felt like he got whiplash.

Dream leaned him against the door, turning the knob and holding him up again before opening it up and walking inside. He shut the door behind them with his feet, walking over to the bed and leaning down, laying George on his back.

Dream pulled back, enough to look him in the eyes, “don’t let *anyone* ever touch you like that again,” he grumbled, leaning forward and capturing his lips again.

His voice was dripping with possessiveness and George didn’t mind in the slightest. Dream moved his hands down and under George’s shirt, lifting up the material until it was tucked under his armpits. He pulled away from their kiss, the brunet chasing his lips. He lowered his head, leaving small kisses along his jaw and neck, moving lower and leaving more along his chest. George shifted under him, moving his hands up into the blond’s hair. He whined when he felt teeth teasing his skin. Dream moved up, running his tongue along his collar bone before sinking his teeth into it.

George moaned, throwing his head back onto the mattress, pulling Dream closer with his legs still wrapped around his waist.

“Make sure everyone knows *exactly* who you belong to,” Dream muttered against his skin, running his tongue over where he bit into his skin.

The brunet trembled, threading his fingers through Dream’s hair and tugging. The blond let out a soft sound at the action and it spurred George on. Dream pulled back, planting his lips on his throat, kissing the skin softly before sucking at it harshly, making sure each mark he left was prominent.

He left more at the base of George’s throat, his collarbone, and moving down to leave a few on his chest.

The brunet felt warmth pooling south, feeling his dick twitch with want and desire. He buried his face into Dream’s neck, fingers trembling, “Clay, please.”

“Please what?” He whispered, nibbling at his ear.

George whimpered, “I want you, *please* .”

Dream grinned against his skin, “I don’t need to be told twice.”

His hands traveled down, moving to undo his belt. In one motion he pulled down his jeans, revealing the tent in his boxer briefs. Dream stared at the erection hungrily, looking up at George to ask for permission first. The brunet immediately nodded, moving his head to the side to try and hide his embarrassment. The blond grabbed his face with one hand, moving it to look back at him.

He left multiple kisses on his face, bringing his other hand down to cup his erection through his underwear. George let out a small gasp, the hand still in Dream’s hair gripping the strands tighter.

Dream traced the outline of his cock through the material, already feeling the damp patch where George was leaking precum.

He moved his hand to the waistband, pulling it down slowly. He watched as George's cock was freed from the constraint. The blond stared, admiring the flushed tip dribbling with precum. George felt embarrassed, but he didn't move to cover himself. Dream grabbed the base of his cock, hearing the brunet's breath hitch at the contact. He stroked the length a few times, moans spilling from George's mouth.

Dream removed his hand which caused George to whimper in a complaint, bucking his hips to chase the contact.

"Be patient," he muttered, pressing his lips to George's.

He tapped George's legs and the brunet unhooked them from behind him, dropping them onto the bed.

"I'll be right back, *don't* touch yourself," he stated, pulling away and walking out the room.

George swallowed thickly, shifting in his spot. His cock was throbbing, begging for stimulation to take off the edge. His legs trembled and he squeezed them together, catching his cock in between them. He gasped softly, whining high in his throat. Dream couldn't be any slower. Just as he thought that the blond returned, holding two things in his hand. Lube and a condom.

Dream crawled back over George, kissing the corner of his mouth gently, "good boy."

George inhaled sharply at the praise, and Dream took notice immediately.

"You like praise? Compliments?" He asked, grinning widely.

The male flushed brighter with embarrassment. He averted his eyes to the side, "yes."

Dream trailed one hand down George's side, fingers ghosting over his skin, "well you are pretty enough for them. Your skin is so perfect, so smooth. Perfect enough for me to want to mark it up, I bet you would look so good with bruises all over you."

George felt chills travel down his spine, moaning at the compliments, the thought of being marked up by Dream. Feeling his hands all over his body, it was exactly the way he thought it would be. Dream pulled away and sat back on his legs. He grabbed George's thighs and pulled him so his hips were in Dream's lap, elevated. The brunet watched in confusion but realized what was happening when Dream popped open the cap on the lube.

He poured some onto his fingers, rubbing them together to warm it up and spread it around. He leaned back over George, pressing their lips together to distract him. The shorter male felt the lube-covered finger come into contact with his hole, pushing inside.

Dream was slow, staying still for a moment to let George get used to the feeling before pushing in and out, starting to stretch him slightly. George's legs trembled at the feeling, he exhaled unevenly into the kiss. Dream then inserted a second finger, keeping still for a moment to let George adjust again before moving in and out with both. He began stretching and scissoring his fingers as gently as he could.

George moaned, moving his hands down Dream's back, digging his nails into his shoulder blade. When he got accustomed to the feeling he began whimpering, grinding back on the fingers, craving more. Dream curled his fingers in just the right way, brushing against his prostate. George arched

his back, moaning at the feeling, dragging his nails across Dream's back harsher.

"A-Again," he breathed out, chasing the feeling of pure pleasure.

Dream complied, curling his fingers in the same way, ruthlessly stimulating the spot. George choked back a sob, thighs trembling in need of a release. He felt closer to his climax than ever, but it wasn't enough.

"P-Please, I need you," he stumbled over his words.

Dream hushed him with a kiss, "patient, I don't want to hurt you," he muttered against his lips.

The blond inserted a third finger, his muscles burned with slight discomfort, but Dream took his time stretching his open, stimulating his prostate once more. George's mouth hung open, moaning out in pleasure.

Finally, Dream removed his fingers and George whined at the loss. The blond kissed him once more before pulling back, grabbing the condom beside them. He tore it open with his mouth while he used one hand to undo his belt and shuffle out of his slacks. He took his underwear down with them, his cock finally freed, bobbing against his stomach. George stared at him, eyes glazed over with hunger and lust. Dream rolled on the condom and grabbed the lube again, slicking up his cock generously.

Dream leaned over George, lining up his cock with his hole, "you okay?" He asked, making sure George was still alright with everything.

"Yes, now please, if you don't get on with it—" George started, cut off by a loud moan when he felt Dream push into him slowly.

He went slowly, letting George adjust to a bit at a time. Then, he was fully in, their hips flush together. George was gripping his back, legs now wrapped back around his waist.

"You okay?" Dream repeated his question, wanting to keep track of George's status.

The brunet nodded against his neck. Dream took that as his cue to start moving, pushing in and out of George slowly, hearing the soft moans fall from his mouth. He couldn't stop the low groans escaping his mouth now. George was so tight, so amazing around his cock.

"You're so amazing, doll. So perfect, just for me," he muttered into the other's ear, planting loving kisses across his jaw.

George whimpered at the feeling. The low voice whispering in his ear, the fullness inside of him, the feeling of Dream's body against his. The care that was so present in every movement he made. He choked on a sob, tears spilling from his eyes.

Dream took note of them immediately, frowning and peppering his face in kisses, "what happened? You okay? Do you want to stop?"

George shook his head, trying to calm down his hiccuping, "no, no, it's fine, I just—" he swallowed the lump in his throat, "why are you being so sweet and caring? It's stupid."

Dream furrowed his eyebrows together, bringing one hand up to cup George's face, "why wouldn't I be?"

"Well you don't have to care so much for one fuck..." he mumbled, hiccuping between his words.

The blond seemed even more confused by those words. George didn't know how else to put it. Dream couldn't hold genuine feelings for George, this had to be some fuck out your frustration, but he put so much care into everything, constantly making sure George was okay. It was confusing, and it made his heart twist.

"Do you think I don't care?" Dream asked slowly.

"Do you? About any of this? About any feelings?" George asked in a small voice.

"Georgie, I care about *you*, more than I should, honestly. Do you think I would be doing this if I didn't give two shits about how you feel?" He said, leaning closer and brushing their noses together.

George felt like his heart was going to burst in his chest. He couldn't avoid or run away from the fact that he did have genuine feelings for Dream. He hated thinking about it, the fact that his emotions could be so swayed because of one person.

George felt another tear fall from his eye, Dream kissing his cheek where it fell. The brunet threw everything out the window and moved his hands to Dream's face, pulling him close, "just fuck me," he murmured, pressing their lips together.

Dream kissed him back enthusiastically, trailing his hands down George's sides. He pulled out of George slightly, pulling him to sit upright on his lap, lowering him back down on his cock gently. The blond kept one hand on his waist, moving the other to cup the back of his neck. The brunet wrapped his arms around the other's neck, pulling them chest to chest.

Dream used the hand on his waist to help him move up and down on his cock. George moved one hand into his hair, moaning softly into his ear. The pace was slow, George riding him and getting used to the feeling. The angle gave George control over where Dream's cock hit inside him, he was able to hit his prostate almost every time he went down. He moaned loudly each time, crying out the blond's name and digging his nails into his skin.

Now that he was more accustomed to the feeling, Dream noticed George struggling to speed up, so he grabbed his waist with both hands, laying him back down on his back. He led his legs so they were wrapped back around his waist. He slid one hand down one of George's arms, linking their fingers together. He pressed their bodies together, thrusting into George at a slowly accelerating pace.

George gripped the bedsheets with his free hand, throwing back his head and moaning. His senses were overwhelmed with the feeling of pleasure. Dream was slickly moving in and out of him, leaning closer to him and sinking his teeth into the skin he could access on his neck.

The brunet whimpered, arching his body closer to Dream. He was blissed out on the feeling, the sensations muddling his mind. He felt more than saw Dream lower his hand to wrap around his cock. He choked at the feeling, his skin burning from the touch. The blond began pumping his hand at the same pace he set as he thrust into him. George gripped Dream's hand tighter, his other hand shooting up to his cheek to pull him closer.

Their lips slotted together, bringing them infinitely closer. George wanted nothing more than to stay there with their bodies so close that he could barely tell which was his own. Between the stimulation against his prostate and on his cock, George felt his orgasm fast approaching.

"Cl-Clay," he tried to warn, but he couldn't form any other coherent words, instead, crying out moans and digging his heels into Dream's back to pull him closer.

Dream didn't stop his quick rhythm and hand stroking his cock, stimulating him right through the brink of his orgasm. George felt his mind buzz with the sensation, coming in large loads, cum streaking across both their chests and along the blond's fingers. He bucked his hips into Dream's fist, riding out the rest of his orgasm until it was boarding on too much.

Dream continued to pound into him, his thrusts started getting erratic and George knew he was close to coming as well. Just as he was going to whine as the overstimulation, Dream came, thrusts staggering against him. George barely acknowledged the way the blond's teeth sunk into his collarbone as he rode out his orgasm.

The two laid in the same positions, breathing hard against each other. Dream rubbed his thumb over George's hands, keeping their fingers interlocked. The brunet shivered at the gentle, intimate action, pursing his lips together.

Dream slowly pulled out of George, leaning forward and leaving a kiss on his eyelid. He slid off the condom, tying it, moving to get up when George shot his hand out to grab his wrist.

Dream smiled softly, "I'll be right back, promise."

George stared at him for a long second, he swallowed hard and nodded. He watched the blond get off the bed, walking out of the room. Exhaustion hit him hard, soreness settling into his muscles as he let out a long breath. Dream returned with a towel in hand, leaning over the bed and wiping down George's body. He tossed it into the basket of other dirty clothes, turning back to George and lifting the blanket. He slid under, bringing it over his and the brunet's body.

He wrapped his arm around the other's waist, pulling him closer until their chests were flush together. George was hesitant for a moment, a part of his mind wanted to push him away and get out of the bed, throw on clothes and leave immediately, but he couldn't bring himself to. He melted against the blond's chest, slowly wrapping his arms around him as well. George opened his mouth, he wanted to ask Dream so many questions, but nothing came out. He shut his mouth again and leaned his forehead against his chest.

"Sleep, we can talk in the morning," Dream murmured, leaning down and placing a kiss on the top of his head.

George gripped his back harder, nodding against his chest, "okay."

He closed his eyes, sleep taking over him slowly, his thoughts muddling with exhaustion. His last thought was how he felt warm, safe, and comfortable in the taller male's hold. George was definitely going to have to text Alastair about this in the morning, he owed him five bucks. And then he fell out.

—

Dream opened his eyes slowly. He looked down, seeing George curled against him, still fast asleep. He smiled, burying his face into the top of his head, pulling him closer. Last night replayed in his mind over and over again, he wanted to make sure he would never forget a single detail about it.

George's pretty flushed face, his lust clouded gaze, the purple marks that stuck out against his pale skin, the noises that filled his ears, everything about him was perfect.

His mind did, however, drift to when George was crying. He had somewhat of an idea of what George was trying to explain, and he felt guilty. He didn't want him to think that he didn't care

about him, or that everything they did wasn't genuine. He had grown to care about George a lot in the past three weeks, more than he thought was possible. Somewhere along the way, he managed to catch feelings for some spoiled brat he was hired to protect and drive around. He sighed quietly, disappointed in himself. But, if last night was signaling anything, he was sure that George returned his feelings at least a little bit.

Even so, he knew George would have to return to England one day. Dream felt his stomach sink at the thought. He pushed the thought and feeling into the depths of his mind, not wanting to think about it while George was laying right there in his arms, warm and safe.

Eventually, George woke up, he was quiet and shy that morning, flushing a deep red at any sliver of contact that the two shared. Dream found it endearing, almost forgetting how their interactions began just three weeks ago.

"How do you feel about going to a carnival?" George asked while the two were eating dinner that evening.

"If you want to go I have to go," Dream replied simply.

The brunet rolled his eyes, "I mean would you *want* to go? Like would you enjoy it?" He mumbled, shoving a spoonful of food into his mouth.

Dream blinked a few times, a grin spreading across his face. He pushed his chair back, getting up and walking over to George. He leaned over him and slid his arms around the male, burying his face into the back of his neck.

"Is this your way of asking me out?"

George's breath hitched and he scoffed, turning away with a flush, "no, I was just asking a question."

Dream chuckled and pulled away, walking back over to his seat, "If I'm with you I'm sure it'll be fun."

The brunet hummed in acknowledgment and nodded, "good to know."

The two continued eating, finishing up their plates. Dream grabbed both, placing them in the sink. He walked into the living room, seeing George laying across the couch with his feet kicked up on the coffee table. He rolled his eyes and strode over, pushing his feet off the table.

"None of this means you still shouldn't mind your manners," He stated, dropping onto the couch next to him.

"So you're going babysitter on me again?"

"Yes."

The two shared a small laugh. They shifted into a back and forth conversation, *really* talking for the first time in a while. The topic of the previous night floating around them, neither really having the courage to grab it by the reigns and bring it up, but Dream couldn't take it anymore.

"So, about last night," he said slowly.

"Yeah?" George replied quickly.

Dream could tell he was trying to be nonchalant, but he could feel the way the male stiffened next to him.

“Was that... okay?” He asked, his hand finding a place on the brunet’s thigh.

“I would’ve told you last night if it wasn’t okay, of course it was,” he said voice lowering slightly.

“Yeah, but...” he trailed off, the words *‘you started crying,’* left unsaid.

George moved his hand on top of Dream’s, turning and looking him in the eyes, “It was okay. Really.”

Dream flipped his hand over, slotting their fingers together, “okay.”

They dropped the subject, moving onto lighter topics, but neither pulled their hands away, keeping them together. Dream would absentmindedly rub his thumb over his skin, leaning closer until their shoulders touched.

The next few days passed by quickly, the two growing ever closer and attached to each other. They slept together every night, waking up in each other’s arms, and that was something Dream looked forward to every morning, but the thought scratching at the back of his mind never left him alone.

George would be going back to England soon.

Dream couldn’t stop him, he had University to attend, he wouldn’t have George drop everything he was working on for years just for him, someone who he met barely a month ago. George had money, he had the brains, a promising career path that would grant him even *more* money without needing anything else from his father, Dream wouldn’t stop that.

He felt more and more guilty every day. Each time he kissed George long and hard. Each time he slotted their hands together. Each time he pushed him against a wall to mark him up.

Dream needed to stop. Pull away from the situation before it was too late and he got too selfish. He was ready to confront George about it, but the brunet came to him first.

“The carnival starts tonight,” he stated simply, standing next to Dream with his arms crossed.

“I heard,” he responded.

“Well? Get ready, we’re going,” he mumbled. “And while you look great in that suit, don’t wear it to the carnival.”

Dream gave him a small smile and nodded, getting up from the couch to change. George stepped in his way, looking up at him expectantly. Dream didn’t move, raising his eyebrow. The brunet seemed to analyze his face before coming to a conclusion, stepping out of his way to let him go.

—

Strange. Dream was acting strange. George didn’t know how to explain it, but he was. They had just arrived at the carnival, hands linked together and they walked around. The past few days felt like a fever dream. Like he would wake up at any moment, and he felt like maybe he was waking up.

Dream was very obvious with his affection, laying his hands on George every chance he got, but tonight, it was different. Maybe he was overreacting, overanalyzing everything Dream did, but it

started to worry him. He had initiated all the contact between them all night. George was the one that initiated their single kiss that night. The one that initiated them holding hands. It was unusual, and it worried him.

Was George right after all? Was everything that happened that night not genuine? Did Dream really not mean the things he said? The things he did? George felt his stomach drop, an uneasy feeling settling in his gut.

“George? You okay?” Dream asked, snapping the male back to reality.

He blinked a few times, looking over at the blond, concern laced throughout his features. George just nodded, forcing a small smile onto his face. Dream stared at him, squeezing his hand.

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah. Now come on, I want funnel cake,” he said, quickly shifting the subject and tugging Dream toward one of the food stands.

They got funnel cake and started wandering around the area, pointing out places they’d go after they finished. They tried out a few of the games, George complaining about how rigged they were and then getting upset when Dream completed them easily.

“That’s not fair! You must’ve cheated,” he complained.

“No need to throw a temper tantrum, you have a plushy now,” Dream chuckled, holding it in front of his face.

George snatched it out of his hand, “I’m not throwing a temper tantrum.”

Toward the end of the night, they both agreed that it was best to get in the Ferris wheel and then head home. They waited in line, getting into their cart and waiting for it to start moving.

George stared across at Dream who was looking out the window, staring into the distance.

“So, you aren’t going to make up some cheesy line and then kiss me like in the movies,” George said with a light laugh, mostly joking.

“Hm?” Was the only thing Dream responded, looking over at George with raised eyebrows.

He was silent for a moment before, “what happened?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean exactly what I said, what happened? You’ve been acting weird all night,” George frowned, crossing his arms across his chest.

“Sorry, I’ve just had a lot on my mind,” he said, grimacing slightly.

“Like what? You can tell me stuff you know,” he replied, not realizing how tense he was until he dropped his shoulders.

“Nothing important, sorry, don’t worry,” he said, smiling reassuringly.

“If you say so..”

Dream got up from his spot across George, moving to sit next to him. He linked their hands

together, “besides, I think you mentioned kissing?”

The brunet snorted, finally feeling a wide smile cross over his face. He squeezed Dream’s hand, tilting his head up to meet the blond’s lips. The kiss was soft and gentle, neither pushing it too far. They parted, leaning their foreheads against each other. George still felt an uneasy knot in his stomach, but when he was staring at Dream who looked back at him in that way, he couldn’t bring himself to care about anything else.

The night ended too soon in Dream’s opinion. He felt guilty for making George worry about how he was feeling, but after the Ferris wheel, he made sure to make it better. The rest of the night he didn’t let go of George’s hand unless it was absolutely necessary.

When they got back to the house Dream immediately pushed the brunet against the wall, pressing their lips together. He reached down, gripping behind George’s thighs, helping him jump up and wrap his legs around him. He pressed against him harder, the shorter male throwing his arms around his neck. Dream slid one hand up George’s side. His fingers sliding under his shirt, grazing over his skin. The other male sighed into the kiss, digging his heels into Dream’s back, bringing him closer.

Dream tried to put everything he felt into the kiss. He brought the hand under George’s hand up to his cheek. He softened the kiss, pulling away and leaving more on his face. His nose, his cheeks, his eyelids, his forehead, his jaw.

Finally, Dream pulled away fully, looking at George with a gentle expression, “I’m sorry.”

“For what?” He muttered.

The blond looked at him, wondering whether he should just tell him exactly what he was thinking and feeling. Tell him how much he wanted him to drop everything in his future and stay with Dream. Tell him he wanted to wake up with him every morning. Tell him he didn’t want to be just his bodyguard anymore.

“Just the way I was acting earlier,” he replied.

“You better be, you worried me,” George rolled his eyes, but a smile etched across his face anyway.

Dream let George down, the two sharing one more kiss before walking further inside.

Over the next few days, Dream never let himself be too far from George, constantly standing too close, leaning on him, and linking their fingers whenever he got the chance. George at some point referred to him as a clingy dog, comparing him to a golden retriever.

It was an easy rhythm they fell into, knowing that the other was always close by granted them both a feeling of security. Of course, Dream always knew it couldn’t be permanent.

Dream rubbed at his eyes sleepily, looking over at George who was still curled in bed. It was extremely early in the morning, so he knew he’d probably be sleeping for a few more hours. The blond stretched, changing into clothes for the day, making his way downstairs. He decided to make something for when the brunet did wake up. He could already hear George calling him cheesy and stupid, but he started on it anyway.

A little over half an hour passed and Dream heard the front door open, he raised an eyebrow

curiously, backing up to catch a view of who it was. There stood George's father.

"Ah, good morning, sir," he greeted.

"Dream! Great timing, I didn't know if you were both going to be asleep at this time. I already sent George a text about this last night, but his flight back to England is today," he replied.

Dream felt his heart drop, gripping the spatula in his hand tighter to make sure it didn't drop as well.

"You told him this already? Did he reply?" He asked slowly.

"Yeah."

"Oh..." he trailed off, looking down at the pan on the stove.

George knew about it, replied, and he didn't tell Dream? He swallowed hard, he always knew that he would have to return eventually, but for George to not even let Dream know in advance?

"What time is the flight? Do you want me to drop him off?" He asked.

"There's no need for that, I took the day off. His flight in an hour and a half. I have your pay here actually," he said, reaching over to the suitcase, opening it up to reveal the cash lined up inside.

"One hundred and forty thousand, five thousand a day like promised."

Dream stared at the money, feeling guilt crawl up his chest. This might have started for the pay, but it felt wrong to take it now after everything Dream and George went through. Even so, he reached over, grabbing the handle of the suitcase, hesitantly dragging it back toward him.

"I'm going to be waking him up in a bit, unless you want to and say goodbye?" His employer said.

He didn't want to. He couldn't. Saying goodbye would be too final, he never wanted his time with George to end.

"No it's— it's fine, I'm going to get my stuff and be on my way," Dream said, voice straining.

"Thank you for watching my son. Now I know who to go to if I ever need a bodyguard again," he joked, patting Dream on his shoulder before walking away.

The blond nodded. He didn't move from his spot, staring at the floor. He dragged his hand down his face, sighing into his palm. He had to get his things.

—

"George, come on, wake up," a voice called out to him.

The brunet stirred in his sleep, groaning in annoyance.

"Clay?" He muttered, eyes opening slowly, blinking up at the figure.

"No, it's me. You gotta get up so we can leave for your flight," his father said.

George sat up, rubbing his eyes while processing the words. When he realized what he had said his eyes shot open.

"Where's Clay?" He asked, looking around the room.

“Oh, he left, I’m taking you to the airport,” he replied.

“He left?” George said slowly, eyebrows furrowing together.

His father nodded, walking out the room, calling out once more for him to hurry and get ready. George looked down at the bedsheets, clenching the material under his hands. *He left?*

“What the fuck,” George whispered to himself.

He felt anger bubbling in his gut, along with a very strong feeling of abandonment. Was the uneasy feeling in his gut right? Should George have taken more note of it? He felt his bottom lip begin to tremble, the feeling of despair clutching at his chest. He bit down onto his lip, *hard*, he refused to cry.

He threw the blankets off of him, snatching his phone off the bedside table. He dialed Dream’s number. It rang a few times before the automated message started playing.

“Fuck!” George yelled, rubbing his eyes aggressively, he refused to cry.

He dialed the number again, and again. He called six times, no response. George dropped the phone onto the bed, hanging his head low. He felt his eyes start to sting. He blinked multiple times, he refused to cry. He got up from his spot, going into the bathroom, quickly brushing his teeth before going back into the room. He grabbed some clothes and changed into them, swiping his phone off the bed.

He went down the stairs, looking around to see if his father was in sight. When he assumed the coast was clear he walked out the front door, walking out toward the gate. When he was outside, he pulled out his phone, ordering an Uber to take him to Dream’s address.

He got there not twenty minutes later, getting out and thanking the driver. He shut the door and walked up to the same door from last time. He knocked on it, there was no response.

“Clay, I swear to god, if you’re inside and not opening this door,” his voice cracked, just barely holding himself back from yelling.

He was met with nothing. No response, no movement, just silence. George leaned his forehead onto the door, his fists clenched at his sides.

“*Please open the door*,” he mumbled.

“I can’t,” Dream finally responded through the wood.

His eyes flew open and he placed his hand on the doorknob, “Clay, please!”

Hearing his voice again, knowing that he was on the other side of the door made the pain in George’s chest hurt more, the suffocating pain in his heart tightening. He squeezed his eyes shut, he refused to cry.

“Please? Can’t we just talk? Why did you leave without saying anything?”

Silence.

“Do you not care? Was everything you said a lie?” He laughed bitterly, “was it really all just to get into my pants?”

“And what if I said it was?”

George pursed his lips into a thin line, trying to convince himself that Dream was lying, that it was more than that. He hit the door gently with his fist, still attempting to blink away the stinging in his eyes, he refused to cry.

“Maybe you’re lying,” he replied, “you can’t even say it to my face.”

Dream went silent on the other end, George thought that he was going to go back to ignoring him, but then the door swung open, he almost tumbled inside but managed to catch himself. He looked up, catching Dream’s eyes. They were blank.

“And what if I said it *was* all to get into your pants? What then?” He said flatly.

George stared at him, “you’re lying.”

“I’m not.”

“You *are!*” He scoffed, grabbing the front of Dream’s shirt and bunching it up in his fist.

The blond grabbed his wrist, staring down at him with a cold look, “grow *up* you brat. Just go back to England, continue your perfect life. Go back to your cute little home and your best friend.”

“Fuck you,” George spit out, gripping his shirt tighter.

Dream didn’t respond, merely pulling George’s hand away from him. They stared at each other for a long moment. George felt so utterly *stupid*. He felt like a fool for ever believing anything Dream said.

“I should’ve known a dick like you was a liar,” he muttered, turning on his heel and walking away.

The feelings bubbling around in his gut were overwhelming, his face hot with anger and embarrassment. He ordered himself another uber back to the estate, waiting for its arrival. He refused to cry. The uber arrived and George got in. He kept his thoughts focused on the window, blocking out everything. When he got back to the estate he got out of the car, thanking the driver quietly before walking inside. He immediately walked to his room, ignoring the call of his father.

He slammed his door behind him, locking it. He pulled out his phone, leaning his back against the wall. He clicked on his contacts app, swiping down until he found Alastair’s contact number. He took a slow breath and pressed the call button.

After a few rings, “*George? What’s up?*”

He refused to cry, he refused to cry, he refused to cry.

He cried.

“Fuck, Alastair, it’s all fucked up!” He sobbed out, unable to hold back any of his emotions anymore.

“*Oh— baby, what happened? Calm down, take deep breaths*,” they said, their voice immediately turned comforting.

George took a few breaths, but the tears wouldn’t stop, he slid down the wall, pulling his knees against his chest, “everything with Cl-Clay.. it’s all— it’s all fucked up,” he hiccuped, breathing getting unsteady.

“*Hey, hey, breath with me, okay? In... and out,*” Alastair said, more focused on getting his friend

calm than anything.

The brunet lips were trembling but he managed to mumble out an agreement, breathing in time with his friend. He inhaled, held his breath, and then exhaled when she gave the cue. After a few minutes of focusing on his breathing, his crying died down, just hiccuping a few times.

“ Now, tell me what happened again, slower. ”

“He left, Eret! Said none of it— none of it mattered,” he mumbled, rubbing his eyes with the heel of his palm. “I’m so stupid! I knew coming to America in the first place was a bad idea! I never— never should have come!”

“ You are not stupid! You didn’t know, that’s on him ,” He assured, *“ just wait, you’ll be back here soon and then we can go out to eat anywhere you want. Or stay inside and watch some movies, play some games, okay? ”*

George dropped his hand into his lap, staring at the wall, “yeah.”

Alastair and George bid each other goodbyes, promises of seeing each other soon. As soon as the call was over the brunet stood up from his spot. His flight was leaving in twenty minutes, but he wasn’t planning on getting on. He grabbed and threw on a nearby jacket, leaving the house once more.

—

It hurt.

Telling George those things, telling him that he just *used him*? Dream sunk his head into his hands, rubbing them up and down his face. He had to. He couldn’t be selfish, have George give up everything just for *him* .

He wouldn’t forget the look of hurt on his face. He cursed under his breath, trying to convince himself that he did the right thing, but his heart ached, he wished he could hold George again, tell him that he *was* lying, that his feelings were genuine. That he wanted more than just a quick fuck.

“Fuck!” He yelled, slamming his fist into the wall beside him.

He sighed, standing up from his spot and walking over to the kitchen. George would be taking off in less than five minutes, he would go back to England and put America and Dream behind him. He needed a drink.

He poured himself a generous amount, downing it quickly. His phone ringing in his back pocket made him jump. He pulled it out, seeing a familiar number, it was George’s father. He grimaced, deciding whether or not to pick up.

His curiosity got the best of him.

“Hello?” Dream said.

“ Dream! Do you happen to have George over? ” He asked, the voice seeming panicked.

The blond furrowed his eyebrows, “no?”

“ Oh god, well do you have any idea where he might be? He came back to the house and locked himself in the room, but then left about twenty minutes ago and won’t pick up his phone .”

“No, I— I wouldn’t know...”

“ Dream, I’ll pay you more if you could please help me find him .”

He really should’ve refused. He couldn’t bear to face George again after what he said to him. He should have said no, he should have made up any excuse.

“Okay, I’ll see if I can.”

Dream hung up and dropped his head down, sighing to himself. He pulled up his contacts, staring at George’s number in his phone. He probably wouldn’t answer, but he had to try. Dream called him, and as he expected, no one picked up.

He pursed his lips together, walking over to the table and grabbing his keys off the counter. He’d drive everywhere if he had to.

Dream started with bars he knew George had been to before. He arrived at each one, exiting his car and entered the building, surveying the entire inside, each time hoping to catch sight of a familiar brunet. He never did. His worry started building up with each place he visited and couldn’t find George. His mind running wild with ideas, theories of what could have happened to him, each worse than the last. Dream took a deep shuddery breath, trying to tell himself that George was just fine.

He pulled out his phone again, trying to call George another time. He didn’t pick up. He cursed, hitting his steering wheel. It was all his fault. He drove off to the next bar.

He visited six bars in an hour. None of them had George. Dream felt anxiousness starting to take a grip on his heart, his heartbeat starting to pick up. What if something had happened to George? Suddenly, he remembered the second time the male ran away without him.

“Fuck,” Dream murmured under his breath, pressing on the gas much harder than he should’ve, taking off for that part of the city.

If George had really returned there after what happened last time he was going to yell at him. After he made sure he was okay. He pulled into the street, eyes immediately scanning the area. He looked back and forth, seeing people staring at him in question. He almost thought that maybe George wasn’t here after all, but then he saw it.

There were a group of three people surrounding someone else. His gut told him it was George so he put his car into double park and got out, slamming it shut behind him. He jogged over to the group of people.

“Come on, you look like someone who has a lot of money,” one male said.

“I have nothing, now leave me alone,” a familiar voice scoffed.

“You sure do walk around like you have everything,” a second male laughed.

Dream could see one of them sliding his arms around George’s waist. The brunet tried pulling away, but he just brought him closer, tugging him along.

Dream saw red.

He walked faster and when he got close enough he didn’t stop to speak, or warn, or say anything, he immediately swung at the closest one, catching his jaw.

George jumped in surprise, the male with his hands around his waist taking it back.

“What the fuck? Who are you?” He scowled.

Dream reached forward, grabbing the front of his shirt with his fist, pulling him closer. His glare was burning with anger, “don’t ever touch him again.”

He roughly let his shirt go, pushing him back. All three men scurried away, glaring at Dream as they left. The blond glared back as they left, making sure they wouldn’t turn back around. After they were out of sight Dream whipped around to face George.

“What the hell were you thinking coming back to this part of the city?” He scolded him, voice rising with each word.

“Why are you ever here?” George said, matching his tone.

“Answer me! What was going through your thick skull?” He said, pointing to his head.

“Well it doesn’t even matter now, does it?”

“Yes, it does! You could’ve gotten hurt!”

“And what? Suddenly you care?” George scoffed, pushing him with one hand.

“I always did, you fucking idiot!” He said, reaching out and grabbing George’s wrist, gripping it tightly.

The brunet opened his mouth to respond, but couldn’t find anything to respond. His words died in his throat. He swallowed past the lump in his throat.

“That’s not what you said earlier.”

Dream’s anger dissipated, the hold on his wrist loosening, “you were right.”

“Right about what?”

“I was lying.”

George stared at him, eyes darting across his face, trying to find any sign of another lie. Dream’s face softened, showing regret, guilt, and most of all, the fondness he held in his heart for the male.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t want to hurt you. I just didn’t want to be selfish. You deserve to go back to England, finish up your studies, and do something better with your life,” Dream cracked, spilling the truth he had been keeping.

“Selfish? It was selfish to lie! You don’t understand—” he tried yelling, but his voice cracked halfway through, eyes starting to sting with the familiar burn of tears.

“I know, I’m sorry,” he said, grimacing in regret.

“Fuck... you could’ve just *talked* to me,” he choked back a sob, hand clutching the front of his jacket tightly.

Dream held back from apologizing, again and again, he rubbed his thumb over George’s skin, looking down at the floor.

The two stood in silence, taking in the rush of emotions over both of them. George was the first to move, sliding his hand out of Dream's grip, putting both his hands on his cheeks, pulling him in. The blond leaned forward eagerly.

Their lips met in a tender kiss, fitting together perfectly. George melted into the kiss, sighing in relief against Dream's lips. He held onto him like his life depended on it, pushing into the kiss harder. Dream enthusiastically kissed him back with equal passion. They stayed like that, kissing and holding each other for as long as their body let them before they had to part to take in some air.

They bumped their foreheads together smiling.

"Why don't you come back with me?" George asked, his voice obviously hesitant.

"Go back with you? You mean to England?" Dream asked, raising one eyebrow.

"Yeah. If you want— I mean, I just—" he stumbled, struggling to figure out the right way to put it. "I don't know if I'd be able to stand being apart."

"Is this another demand from Mr. I Want Whatever I Ask For?" Dream joked, grinning widely.

George flushed and looked away, "I said if you want to."

"And if I say no?"

George turned back to him, his heart dropping to his feet. Dream noticed and immediately kissed him softly, "I was joking."

The brunet let out a sigh of relief and then brightened up, "so, does that mean you're coming?"

Dream nodded, "I don't think I'd be able to stand being apart from you either."

George smiled so wide that his face almost hurt, he pulled him back down, smashing their lips together again. They parted again after a few minutes.

"So, does this make us boyfriends?" The brunet asked.

"I'm assuming so," he replied.

"Good."

Dream then said that he should really get him back to the estate. They got into the car, driving back as quick as they could. When they got there George's father started scolding him for running off again, thanking Dream for fetching him. George, who seemed to have no fear of his father's reaction, casually mentioned his and Dream's relationship, saying that he would be coming back with him to England.

"Congratulations?" His father said, seeming to be confused about how much he missed between the two of them.

Dream let out a long sigh of relief that his father was okay with it.

"Dream, this means that if anything happens to my son, I'm coming for you."

There it was.

"Of course, sir. I wouldn't dream of letting anything happen to him," he said, smiling politely.

—

The flight was rescheduled for the following day, George accompanying Dream to his apartment to help him gather his things.

“You aren’t going to miss being here?” George asked.

“No, my family doesn’t even live here. I’m originally from Florida,” he replied, shrugging lightly.

“Florida? So why do you live all the way up here?” The brunet asked, brows furrowed together.

“It’s a long story.”

“Right, so another time?”

“Yeah,” he nodded.

His things were all packed in a matter of a few hours, they both headed back to the estate. George was anxious. Excited, but also nervous. When he originally landed in America a month ago he was *not* expecting the experience he got. But, he wouldn’t trade it for anything in the world. After a life of having everything handed to him on a silver platter, he found that none of it compared to the time he spent with Dream.

It felt too soon to say that he loved him, but it *was* going in that direction, and very quickly.

“Hey, Clay?” He mumbled absentmindedly.

“Yeah?”

“Thank you.”

“For what?” The blond snorted.

“Just for... existing I guess,” he replied.

“Oh, well then thank you too.”

“For what?”

“For existing,” he hummed, leaning close to him and pressing their lips together.

George laughed into the kiss, pushing him away playfully, “get your own cheesy line.”

The two broke out into laughter, reveling in the joy that they brought each other.

“Do you think it was fate?” Dream asked.

“You believe in fairy tales now?” George scoffed.

“Shut up. I’m just saying, do you think we were meant to meet each other?”

“Maybe.”

“You suck at being cheesy.”

George rolled his eyes, pulling Dream in for another kiss to shut him up. He did believe it, even if he didn’t say as much out loud. Everything just aligned too perfectly, his life absolutely complete

now that Dream was in it.

There's no way it *wasn't* fate. Without him, he felt like he had nothing, even if he had everything.

End Notes

i rlly couldn't have finished this without the inspiration and support from my friends, ily guys v much <3

I may end up writing something under this au again, but maybe not, I'm not sure. Either way, I hope you all enjoyed it!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!